THE HISTORY OF *ADOLPHUS*, Prince of RUSSIA; And the Princess of *HAPPINESS.*

By a Person of Quality.

With a Collection of

Songs and Love-Verses.

By several HANDS.

To which is added,

Two Letters in Verse from Sir *G. E.* to the E. of *M.* with Mr. *D.* Answer to them.

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THE

THE STORY OF *ADOLPHUS*, Prince of RUSSIA; And the Princeſs of *HAPPINESS.*

Ruſſia is an extream cold Climate, the Trees and Mountains are for the moſt part hidden in Froſt and

Snow: In a word, this Country is much like the Froſt-Scene in *Dryden*'s laſt *Opera*. The principal Paſtime of the Men of Quality is Hunting of certain Bears, all Milk white, a terrible Beaſt, and a dangerous Diverſion it is. This People were once upon a time govern'd by a very gallant young Prince, whoſe Name was *Adolphus*, a moſt accompliſh'd Perſon indeed; and one who had not been wanting to ſignalize himſelf in a ſhort War with the Moſcovites; but being at this time in Peace, and having little to do, his War-like Diſpoſition led him to be very troubleſom to the Bears. One day, among the reſt, (*Childermas-day* belike,) being more eager upon the Sport, or more daring in the Chaſe, or, which

is

is as probable, being the beſt mounted in the Company, he was gotten far before all his Attendants, and had loſt himſelf in a wide intricate Foreſt, where, far from ſhelter, his Highneſs was caught in a very ſevere Storm, Night likewiſe coming on, and a very dark one it was, and the Country all round him was nothing but Precipices. In theſe Circumſtances the poor Prince was not a little concern'd, when, caſting his Eyes round him on all ſides, he ſpy'd a Light on the top of a moſt prodigious high Mountain, ſeeming almoſt inacceſſible; however, my Prince, who was all Hero, attempts to clamber it up, which, with much ado, he performed in two or three hours upon all Four:

And now, having reach'd the top, he found himſelf juſt at the entrance of a Cave, from whence he had ſeen the Light; at firſt he boggled a while at going in, thinking with himſelf, that this might be ſome Retreat for Robbers, and that thus, by ſeeking ſhelter from one Danger, he might be expoſed to a greater, moſt learnedly remembring, and quoting in his Mind, that ancient Verſe——

Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim.

But theſe Imaginations held him not long, Princes (as has been often affirmed) have Souls above the Vulgar, his Noble Courage made haſte to recover it ſelf, and ſo, laying his Hand on his Sword, with

with moſt Heroick Undauntedneſs, he ventures in, and was no ſooner enter'd, but the Rain, which had ſoak'd through his Cloaths, was frozen to Ice, his Teeth chatter'd, his Blood was chill'd, and his Limbs were quite benum'd with cold: In a word, to uſe a Poetick Expreſſion of Mr. *Lee*'s,——

Trembling and Horror ſeiz'd him cold as Ice.

Thus it ſtood with our Hero, when out comes an old reverend Dame, much aſtoniſh'd to ſee a ſtrange Face, but however, accoſting him civily enough,—*You are the firſt of Mortal Men* (ſaid ſhe,) *whom Curioſity ever brought to this cold place.* He aſſur'd her, *That he came not through Curioſity,*

but by Accident; and was very earneſt to be inform'd into whoſe hands he was faln. She told him, *That this was the Habitation or Retirement of* Æolus, *God of the Winds. A large Family,* (continued ſhe,) *and many Children he has, all having their Apartments in theſe Rocks, but at this Time, excepting my ſelf, who am their Mother, there is no one at home, having had much Buſineſs this Evening both by Sea and by Land, doing Good to ſome, and Hurt to others promiſcuouſly.* The Prince anſwered her, *That he was one of thoſe who con'd give her ſome account of that, for he had met with them in his way, and they had emptied a good many of their Clouds upon him; and 'twas to avoid their ill humour,*

that

that he ſought the ſhelter where he was. The good Woman excus'd the Rudeneſs of her Children, and ordered a Fire to be made to dry and to warm the Prince, whoſe Circumſtances did indeed very much require it. *Better Entertainment* (ſaid ſhe very kindly to him,) *I wiſh I cou'd give you, but we Winds have but ill Proviſion for hungry Stomachs; we who are always upon the Wing are kept like Racers to a ſtrict Diet: We live upon a certain thin Food, ſcarce a Degree from down-right Air, much like that which you Mortals call whipp'd Cream.* The Prince would have return'd ſome Compliment to all this Kindneſs, but the old Woman (like all other old Women,) was not to be inter-

rupted.— *A Dram of the Bottle too* (ſaid ſhe,) *would have done well to have cheared the inſide, but we Winds dare not be bold with ſuch Liquors, and ſo never keep them, for we ſhould bounce about like mad in our Cups, and you Mortals know, when once the Cordial comes in at one Door, we always take Care to go out at another.* The Prince thank'd her heartily for her good Wiſhes; and by this time the Fire was well kindled, being blown up in the twinkling of an Eye by the *Weſt* Wind, who then juſt arrived very opportunely: All the other Winds preſently followed, your *Norths*, your *Souths*, and your *Eaſts*, and your *NorthNorth-Eaſts*; in a word, the whole Compaſs, old *Æolus* and

and all. A parcel of old blustering Bullyish Fellows, they seem'd to be, with strange Weather-beaten Faces. One bragg'd that he came from dispersing a Fleet, stranding some, and splitting others: Another had blown up Trees by the Roots, shaken down Battlements, and overturn'd Cities: In like manner they all bragg'd of their Doings. When the old Woman, looking somewhat concern'd, *Did none of you* (says she,) *meet your little Brother* Zephyrus *in your Walks? 'Tis very late, Where should he be all this while?* The *Winds* reply'd bluntly, *That* Beaux *seldom kept them Company, he was sparking it without doubt in some Midnight Walk with the Ladies.*

Scarce

Scarce was this ſaid, when *Adolphus* ſaw a moſt wonderful pretty youth come in, a perfect *Cupid* but for his ſprightly blue Eyes; His Cheeks were a Compoſition of Lillies and Roſes, and his Breath of *Tuberoſe* and *Junkille*. *VVhy, how now,* (ſays the old Mother in wrath,) *where have you been loytering till Midnight? Your Brothers were all at home very regularly by Ten: I ſhall make you keep better hours, you little* Libertine, *I ſhall.*—— *Truly, Mother,* (ſaid the poor Child, half frighted,) *I made the beſt haſte I cou'd; but I have been waiting on the Princeſs* Felicity *in her Gardens, and you know I am obliged to be her Highneſs's Companion whenever ſhe goes abroad. Oh, 'Tis a happy Life I lead in that*

Iſland

Iſland! Here I kiſs the prettieſt Mouth that ever was, and there the the fineſt Neck; Now I peep under a Tippet, then under a Petticoat, I ſee all, and I feel all, I pleaſe my ſelf where I will, and with what I will. 'Come, cool me with thy ſoft, 'gentle Kiſſes, pretty *Zephyrus*, '(*ſaid the Princeſs to me,*) while 'thou art here, with thy ſweet 'Evening Breezes, who wou'd 'leave theſe VValks. *And truly, Mother, if it had not been for fear of being whipp'd when I came home, I ſhould have ſtay'd there all Night.*

Adolphus was mightily pleaſed with all this pretty Tittle-Tattle of the little Boy. 'And may a Stranger 'be inquiſitive (*ſaid he,*) who this 'beautiful Princeſs is, and what Re-

'gions

'gions ſhe inhabits? She lives '(reply'd *Zephyrus*) in the Iſle of 'Felicity, an Iſland for theſe many 'Ages forbidden to all Mankind. 'Many Attempts upon it have 'been made by Men; ſometimes 'their Veſſel gets in view of ſhore, 'and ſtrait ſome ſudden Guſt ariſes, 'they are daſh'd againſt ſome Rock, 'or driven out to Sea to begin their 'vain ſearch again. *Alexander* 'could not conquer it, nor *Cræſus* 'purchaſe one Foot of Land in 'it.

Adolphus was hugely diverted with this Youth, and had a great longing to continue the Converſation, but it was late, and the good Mother commanded all her Family to reſt. Little *Zephyrus* was good natured, and ſo, taking Com-

Compaſſion of the Prince of *Ruſſia*, proffer'd him a part of his Bed, and took him along with him to his Apartment. This Chamber was warmer than any of the reſt; wainſcoted with ſweet Wood, and adorn'd with Flower-pots of all kinds: *Orangery*, though the moſt exquiſite Perfume that Mortal Noſes ſnuff up, was the very worſt ſmell there. The Bed was likewiſe a moſt curious Compoſition of Flowers.

Thus in *Freſco* our two new Acquaintance lay down to reſt, but not to ſleep. *Adolphus* was impatient to be better informed of the Princeſs *Felicity* and her Iſland; and ſo after a Thouſand Queſtions and Anſwers about her, 'Ah,

(*ſaid*

'(*said the Prince,*) how bleſs'd
'ſhould I be, might I have the
'ſight of this beautiful Princeſs!
'Is it a matter ſo very impoſſible,
'that with your Aſſiſtance I could
'not attain it? Truly, (*reply'd*
'*Zephyrus,*) the Enterprize would
'be dangerous, but if you have
'Courage enough for ſuch a Fro-
'lick, I fancy I could bear you
'upon my Wings. Oh, (*ſaid the*
'*Prince,*) never doubt my Cou-
'rage! I have ventured my Neck
'often for a leſs Satisfaction. Why
'then 'tis agreed, (*reply'd* Zephy-
'rus,) and I'll furniſh you with a
'Mantle, which, while the green
'ſide is outmoſt, ſhall keep you
'inviſible, for ſo you muſt take
'care to be, or the Guards of the
'Iſland may chance to uſe you
'ſcurvily. Matters

Matters thus concerted, they took a ſhort Nap. But no ſooner had ſhame-fac'd *Aurora*, who always bluſhes when ſhe comes into publick; no ſooner, (I ſay,) did this modeſt Goddeſs ſhew her bright Face in the Eaſtern Sky, but up roſe our two Travellers in all diligence. The Prince, wrapp'd in his miſty Cloak, mounted upon little *Zephyrus*'s Shoulders, and away they flew like an Arrow from a Bow.

So through the Helleſpont Europa *rode,*
Half dead with Fear, tho' mounted on a God.

It were endleſs to recount what a multitude of Cities, Kingdoms, Rivers, Seas, Woods, Deſarts, *&c.* what

what Variety of People, Manners, and Countries, they obſerved: I ſhall therefore mention but one Remark of that kind. 'Now '(*ſaid* Zephyrus *to the Prince,*) this 'Country, which we are now 'paſſing through, is the moſt re- 'ſembling the Iſland of *Felicity* of 'any, but notwithſtanding it is the 'very *Antipodes* to it: An Iſland 'too it is like that, and is called '*England:* The Country is fruitful, 'the Air temperate: It abounds in 'moſt excellent Commodities of its 'own, and partakes of all the 'World's, like the Bee, it ſucks of 'every Flower in the whole Uni- 'verſe; and may therefore be 'called the Land of Honey. But 'there is ſuch perpetual Diſtur- 'bance in the Hive, ſuch Diverſity

of

'of Opinions, such restless Humours and turbulent Tempers, 'such preying upon each other, 'that in the midst of Plenty, 'Riches, and Power, this here is 'the most miserable People that 'breaths. It was so early, that few Ladies were up, but however, upon the account of a Sample or two, *Adolphus* would have perswaded his Friend to tarry till Noon, being hugely pleased with those few Faces he had met with in his way. *Zephyrus* confess'd, that indeed the English Ladies were a great Temptation, as Charming as any in the Island of *Felicity*. 'But (*said he,*) they 'have this allay, they are either 'nicely Chast, or extravagantly 'Lewd; so that there is this Ne-

'ceſſity, either to be ſtarv'd by 'their Pride, or plagu'd every 'Minute with their Inconſtancy: 'They either deny obſtinately, or 'grant promiſcuouſly to all. But 'this Teſtimony I muſt needs give 'of them, I, who have ſeen all 'Womankind from Top to Toe, 'had rather kiſs an Engliſh VVo-'man's Lips, as I paſs along, than 'dally never ſo familiarly with the 'Ladies of any other Country.

Adolphus was happy in having ſuch a true Friend to adviſe him: And ſo they haſten'd, without any farther delay, to get out of the way of theſe Syrens, purſuing their Journey with all ſpeed, which they ſoon made an end of. For now, by the perfum'd Air, and the

the Proſpects like Enchantment, the Prince plainly perceiv'd he was arriv'd.

This Iſland was but ſmall in Compaſs, but very comprehenſive of good Things; like a ſtrong-ſet dwarfiſh Fellow, as Sinewy and full of Marrow as a Giant; or a drop of Quinteſſence, that out ſmells a Buſhel of Flowers. The Dew was Angel-water, the Rain Cordova; the Springs, Fountains, and Waterworks, Orange; the Ground was fertil, without being cultivated; Fruit Trees of all ſorts grew, without being planted; the Birds ſung as good Tunes as *Purcels* or *Baptiſts*, without being taught; and Cities of Chryſtal, and Palaces of Precious Stones, were there

without being built. Every thing was provided by the ſole Care and Induſtry of Nature, without any Trouble or Toil of the Inhabitants. It ſtood on a high Aſcent, inacceſſible, and was ſurrounded by a Tempeſtuous Sea, which were its beſt Guards from all Merchant-Adventurers.

Being now arriv'd, *Zephyrus* thought fit to ſet down his Burthen. 'Now, Prince of *Ruſſia*, (*ſaid he*) 'ſhift for your ſelf, no Misfortune 'can befal you in the Land of '*Felicity*. I am obliged to leave 'you, for I have an Aſſignation 'here with a pretty bluſhing 'Maiden Roſe, whoſe Bud is not 'yet open'd, and I have promiſed 'to do it for her this morning.

'Farewel

'Farewel Prince, we ſhall meet 'again in the Evening. So away flew the little God, without ſtaying to receive the Prince's Compliments for all his Favours.

By this time 'twas near Noon, and the Prince, impatient not to loſe Time, made what haſt he could towards that Palace, which he obſerved to be more glittering and magnificent than the reſt, ſuppoſing that to be the Reſidence of the Princeſs. The Gates were ſhut, and there was no getting in yet, it ſeems the Servants were at Dinner, (this is a Cuſtom with ſome great Folks in all Countries) and ſo he walk'd to and fro under the Windows in his inviſible Cloak, expecting the hour of Admittance.

It was not long ere one of the Chryſtal Caſements was open'd; in the inſtant, a pretty little Girl, belonging to the Gardens, ran to receive Orders, and a moſt beautiful Perſon was ſeen at the Window letting down a large Basket of Gold Filagram, faſtned with Knots of divers Ribons, very prettily fanci'd, commanding the little Girl to fill it with Flowers for the Princeſs, and make haſt: And ſo indeed ſhe did, for ſhe was back in a moment. *Adolphus*, ſeeing ſo fair an occaſion, jump'd into the Basket among the Flowers; for you muſt know the green Mantle made him light as well as inviſible, one was full as eaſie as t'other. Being then thus light (as I was ſaying,) the Nymph, without any difficulty, drew

drew him in at the Caſement; and being in, my Gentleman got out of the Basket, and began to look about him.

The Apartments were Splendid and Noble, moſt glorioufly fill'd, and moſt magnificently furniſh'd. Never was there ſeen ſo numerous and beautiful an Aſſembly of Fair Ladies, of all Complexions and all Sizes, all in the Bloom of Youth, and ſo to continue for ever.

The Admiration our Prince was in had kept him longer in this firſt Room, but that a moſt charming Voice, and the Noiſe and Buſtle of Dancers, attracted his Curioſity into the next, where he found ſix fair Ladies, the merrieſt

Crickets alive, ſinging and dancing and ramping about ſtark naked. One of theſe fair Ones, a Lady of a freſh Complexion, had an excellent Voice, and this was her Song to the Dance; ——

Six Damſels we are,
As Buxom as Fair;
In publick preciſe
Our Looks we diſguiſe,
Like the Fools, like the Fools, they call (Wiſe:
But in private agree,
To be frolick and free,
And none are ſo mad, nor ſo merry as (we.

The Prince, who had an excellent knack at Painting, ſtraight pull'd out his Pencil, and upon ſix different

different Sheets of Paper (as well as his haſt would permit him,) he drew all their Pictures, with all the ſeveral Poſtures they had been in; which done, he dropp'd them ſlily in the Room. The Ladies, ſeeing ſomething drop, ran all with one conſent to take it up; but how were they ſurpriz'd, when every one ſaw her own Picture, and the merry Pranks ſhe had been playing, ſo repreſented to the Life! They gave a great Shriek, and ran out of the Room (and this was the firſt time that Fear ever came within the Walls of *Felicity*.)

This ſudden Outcry ſoon brought Company enough about 'em; but they durſt not tell their true Grievance, nor produce the Pictures,

Pictures, the Princeſs not encouraging ſuch over-youthful Liberties, ſo they agreeed to ſay, that ſomething inviſible had ſtripp'd them of their Veils, which was the Occaſion of their Fright and their Nakedneſs. All the Company laugh'd at the ridiculous Figures they made, and ran in ſtrait to the Princeſs to entertain her with the Story.

Adolphus, ſtill inviſible, followed the Company, and after having paſs'd through ſeveral ſtately Apartments, at laſt he came to the Room of State, where ſat the Princeſs *Felicity* on a Throne made of one entire Carbuncle, the brighteſt that ever was ſeen; but not ſo bright as her own Eyes, which were

were of a Luſtre that nothing could equal but the Sun. She had a Look of Majeſty, commanding Reverence and Veneration at firſt ſight, ſuch as we ſee in the D—— of *O*——; and yet that ſerene incomparable Sweetneſs withal, which we admire in the D—— of *G*—— and my Lady *D*——. Her Mien and Air were of a mixture of the like Nature, repreſenting at once the Imperial Port of the D—— of *R*——, and the moſt Ingaging and Divine Preſence of my Lady *K*———. In a word, this lovely Princeſs was, in her one ſingle Perſon, a true and perfect Image of all the Beauties, that *Kneller* is now picturing for the Gallery at *Hampton-Court*. A Thouſand little Pleaſures, like Cupids,

pids, were dancing about her Throne, and playing in her Lap. For her Dreſs, it was ſuitable to her Perſon; but I ſhall leave the Particulars to the Reader's Fancy.

Adolphus was ſo ſtricken and aſtoniſhed at the Appearance of ſuch dazling Brightneſs, that, quite forgeting himſelf, he let go the hold of his Cloak, which fell to the Ground, and there ſtood he viſible to all, but mute and motionleſs, like any Statue. The Company was ſtrait in an uproar, and the Princeſs came from her Throne in great Aſtoniſhment, for this was the firſt time a Man had been among them (as you may imagin, for their Lives had hitherto been a perpetual Round of Pleaſure

Pleaſure and Content, without any Interruption). *Adolphus*, waking from his Trance, flung himſelf proſtrate at the Princeſs's Feet; 'Great and Beautiful Princeſs, (*ſaid he*,) I have travers'd 'the whole Univerſe from Bound 'to Bouud, to admire thoſe Divine and infinite Charms. I have 'brought you a Heart that will 'eternally adore you.

Her Royal Highneſs, though ſhe had a quick Apprehenſion, did not well know how to behave her ſelf at this pinch; ſhe had never ſeen any thing that ever pleaſed her ſo well, and had taken already a very ſtrong Fancy to his Perſon, but what to make of him ſhe did not well know. At laſt, ſhe concluded

cluded him to be ſome very fine extraordinary Bird; and becauſe ſhe had never ſeen the like before, 'twas the *Phœnix* ſhe was ſure. 'Moſt lovely *Phœnix* (*ſaid ſhe,*) '(for you can be no other Bird, 'being the only one of the Kind 'that ever I ſaw in my Iſland,) I 'cannot expreſs the Pleaſure I have 'in ſeeing ſo ſingular a Rarity as 'you are. And then, turning to her Ladies, 'What pity it is, (*con-*'*tinued ſhe,*) that there ſhould be 'but one *Phœnix* in the World! 'How fond ſhould we Women be 'of having our Cages full of ſuch 'Birds.

Adolphus could not chuſe but ſmile at the prettineſs of this Conceipt, and was pleaſed to find her ſo

ſo full of Simplicity and Innocence, by which he hoped the more eaſily to ſurprize her. To this purpoſe he deſired an hours Conference in private, and then took Care to give her ſuch Leſſons, as made her Highneſs a very learned Perſon: And this is moſt certain, that ſhe was never known to open her mouth ſo ſillily again.

It was agreed between them, that the Miſtake ſhould go on in the Iſland; to all other Ladies he was to paſs for a harmleſs inſignificant Bird; and ſo he did, and was the favourite Bird of the Iſland: The Ladies were fond of him above all Things, they knew not why, but the Princeſs was delighted beyond Meaſure,

of

for which she knew a good reason.

Thus for many Years they lived together the happiest Couple alive, and, as one may say, in true Felicity: Their Joys were so full, and their Days passed away in such Raptures, that an Hundred Years seemed but as yesterday. For you must know there were two Trees in this *Eden*, the Tree of Youth and the Tree of Health, and neither of them Forbidden: Of the Fruit of these Trees was made a most pleasant Liquor, which, in despite of Age or Time, kept all who drank of it always lusty and Young.

It happen'd unluckily upon a Time, as *Adolphus* was ſitting with the Princeſs, with his Head on her Boſom, it came into his Mind to ask her, How long it might be ſince they firſt were ſo bleſs'd as to meet. 'Time paſſes, (*ſays he*) 'ſo faſt in your Arms, and with 'ſo much Pleaſure, that I have not 'been able to keep account. 'Try 'then (*reply'd the Princeſs*) if you 'can gueſs. 'Why (*ſaid he, after 'ſome thinking,*) when I conſult 'my Heart, and the Pleaſures I 'have had, it ſcarce ſeems a Week, 'but when I call to mind ſo many 'other Paſſages, I tell you truly it 'cannot be leſs than Three Months. The Princeſs preſently burſt into a violent Fit of Laughing; 'My 'dear *Adolphus* (*ſaid ſhe*) Three

'Hundred Years and more. Little did she think, (poor Princess!) what this last Saying would cost her.

'Three Hundred Years (*reply'd* 'Adolphus); In what Circumstan-'ces then is the World at this 'Time? And into what Family is 'my Principality past?

The Princess was much concern-ed to find him in this Humour. 'And what need you care? *said* '*she*, Have not I given you bet-'ter Dominions? Do you not 'only command a pleasanter Coun-'try than your own, but Lord it 'even over Time and Nature? 'Notwithstanding so many Years 'have past over your Head, have

'you

'you one grey Hair upon it? And 'is not the firſt Down ſtill upon 'your Cheeks? Or what Altera-'tion do you perceive in me? Is 'not my Perſon ſtill the ſame? And then (caſting her Lilly-white Arm about his Neck) ſhe added, 'And is not my Love ſo too? 'Yes, yes, *reply'd the Prince*, I own 'it all, your Perſon is ſtill Divine, 'your Love is tender and ſincere as 'ever, and my Joys are always 'full and flowing. But how ma-'ny Trophies and Laurels, and 'what Fame, does this coſt me in 'the other World? While I have 'been loytering away a lazy in-'glorious Life here, I am not remem-'bered there by any one Action; 'by this time I ſhould have been 'celebrated from *Ganges* to *Her-*

'*cules*'s Pillars. By this Time, reply'd the Princeſs a little ſmartly, 'you had been dead and rotten. 'But Memory, Memory, *ſaid the* '*Prince*, I would have left a Me- 'mory behind me that ſhould have 'liv'd for ever. And what Cox- 'comb, *reply'd the Princeſs, con-* '*tinuing her Indignation*, had rather 'have his Memory live than him- 'ſelf? All States and Kingdoms, it 'ſeems, have their Revolutions 'and Periods. The Time was now come, when this enchanted Iſland was to vaniſh, and be no more. The Prince, notwithſtanding all that could be ſaid to him, had taken a fix'd Reſolution to return into the World; this Intrigue, he thought, had been of long ſtanding enough, and, like a true Man, he

he grew every day more and more indifferent towards his Miſtreſs, ever ſince he knew how long he had had her. So ingrateful, perfidious, and inſatiable, is this wicked Monſter, Man! that there is no ſtate of Happineſs ſufficient to reclaim his Inconſtancy; Heaven it ſelf has not Variety enough to content him. Compared to other Men, this *Adolphus* might ſeem a God; but, alaſs! the very beſt of Men are no better than Birds of Prey, Vultures and Cormorants they are all.

To return therefore to my Story, the Prince continued obſtinately bent upon his return; all the tender Things the Princeſs could ſay to him were thrown away. She

told him the Hazards he would run in ſuch a Journey, and very truly propheſied of all that was to befal him; but nothing could tempt or deter him from his purpoſe. To wheedle her therefore the better, he aſſured her, after a great deal of other Fawning and Colloguing, that it was not out of any indifference to her, that he ſought this Parting; as a proof of which, he poſitively deſigned to come back to her again: But his Curioſity was invincible to ſee how it was with the World ſince theſe Three Hundred Years that he had been out of it. That beſides he had always a Romantick Itch after Fame, which he never could govern; he would but glut his Ambition with ſome Heroick Atchievement,

chievement, and then return to her Arms contented and glorious, to take everlasting Joy and Repose.

It was in vain to reply; and so, upon promise to make hast to return, all Things were got ready for his departure; and the Princess presented him with a winged Horse, that was to carry him through all the Difficulties of his intended Journey, and likewise bring him safe back. And now the fatal Moment was arrived, when the last adieus were to be taken, which were so tender and passionate, especially on the Princess's side, that to save the Reader's Tears I shall omit the recital. In conclusion, the Prince promised to

write frequently to her by *Zephyrus*, who often went to and fro; and then, embracing her for the laſt time, he ſtrait mounted his winged Courſer, and in a moment flounc'd out of ſight.

The poor weeping Princeſs, no longer able to ſupport her Sorrow, fell into a dead Swoon; but the pittying Gods, in the very inſtant, taking Compaſſion of her, ſhe was immediately tranſlated to Heaven, where ſhe has remained ever ſince, and has never been ſeen any where elſe. Several Counterfeits, like falſe Prophets, there have been, who have called themſelves *Felicity* in divers parts of the World, but ſomewhat or other has always happened to diſcover the Cheat: Inſo-

Inſomuch, that we may poſitively affirm, That, ſince this lamentable Diſaſter, no mortal Man has ever ſeen the Face of true *Felicity*.

The Prince, in the mean time, was upon his Journey, making great haſt, with his Head full of Projects, and forming Schemes of the Mighty Things he would do. Big with theſe vain Immaginations, as he was galloping along a narrow Paſſage, he found the Way quite block'd up by a Chariot, arm'd with Scythes and long Iron Teeth, and ſet out with a Multitude of Wings, which lay overturn'd upon an old bald-pated Fellow, making lamentable moan for help. *Adolphus* very charitably alighted from his Horſe to offer his Hand,

Hand, but as he ſtoop'd, the old Fellow, leaping up nimbly, ſeiz'd him with irreſiſtible Force and Fury by the Throat, and griping him hard—*What! Prince of* Ruſſia, (ſaid he, with a terrible Voice) *Have I then caught you at laſt? Know, I am* Time, *who ſpare neither the Dead nor the Living: I have made ſtrict ſearch after you for more than Three Ages; but I would have you to underſtand, that at a long run there is nothing eſcapes me.* With that this old ill-natured Barbarian ſqueez'd ſo hard, that the poor miſerable Prince was choak'd in an inſtant. Leaving us to make this ſad but true Reflection on the Inconſtancy of Human Kind, That the very beſt of Fortunes is not ſufficient to fix our Deſires, but we

we will ſtill be wandring from Affection to Affection, and from Ambition to Ambition, till in the end ſome unforeſeen Accident prevents all our Projects, and we periſh miſerably in the mid'ſt of our beſt Expectations.

The End.

A

COLLECTION

OF

Songs & Love-Verſes.

By ſeveral HANDS.

To a Lady upon her SINGING.

By Mr. GRANVILLE.

THE Syrens once deluded, vainly charm'd,
Ty'd to the Maſt, *Ulyſſes* ſail'd unharm'd;
Had ſuch a Voice been heard ſo ſweet a Sound,
The Crafty *Argive* had been ſurely drown'd.
When'er

Whene'er *Belinda* charms the liſtning Ear,
Tho' ſure of Death, we yet reſolve to hear:
What Muſick needs muſt dwell upon that
Tongue
Whoſe Speech is Tuneful as another's Song!
Such Harmony, ſuch Wit, a Face ſo Fair,
So many pointed Arrows, Who can bear?
The Wretch who from her Wit or Beauty
flies,
If ſhe but reach him with her Voice, he dies.
Like Soldiers ſo in Fight, we ſtill ſucceed,
One Peril 'ſcaping, by another bleed;
In vain the Dark, or glittering Sword, we
ſhun,
Condemn'd to periſh by the ſlaughtering
Gun.

SONG. By Mr. GRANVILLE.

SOme die with their eternal Toil,
Thro' Pride, Ambition, or for Gain,
For Fame, for Empire, or for Spoil,
But I by cruel Love am ſlain.

Promotheus, on a Mountain ty'd,
Is doom'd to ſuffer endleſs Pain,
Phaethon by Thunder dy'd,
But I by cruel Love am Slain.

SONG.

SONG. By Mr. GRANVILLE.

AH, *Celia*! Why ſo fiercely bent
To vex my tender Heart?
To Gold and Title you relent,
Love throws in vain his Dart.

Let glittering Fools in Courts be great,
For Pay let Armies move;
Beauty ſhould have no other Bait
But tender Vows and Love.

If on thoſe endleſs Charms you lay
The Value that's their due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A Thouſand Worlds to few.

But if a Paſſion, without Vice,
Without Diſguiſe, or Art,
Ah, *Celia!* if true Love's your Price,
Behold it in my Heart.

SONG. By Mr. GRANVILLE.

I'LL tell her, the next time, ſaid I,
In vain, in vain, for when I try
Upon my timorous Tongue the trembling
Accents die.

Alas!

Alas! A Thouſand, Thouſand Fears
Still over-awe when ſhe appears,
My Breath is ſpent in Sighs, my Eyes are
drown'd in Tears.

SONG. By Mr. GRANVILLE.

CLoe's the Wonder of her Sex,
'Tis well her Heart is tender,
How might ſuch killing Eyes perplex
With Virtue to defend her.

But Nature, merciful and kind,
Not bent to vex, but pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs Beauty joyn'd
A boundleſs Will to eaſe us.

SONG. By Mr. GRANVILLE.

COrinna, in the Bloom of Youth,
Was coy to every Lover,
Regardleſs of the tendereſt Truth,
No ſoft Complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers, All at her Feet
Lay proſtrate and adoring,
The Witty, Valiant, Rich, and Great,
Alike in vain imploring.

But

But now grown old ſhe would repair
Her loſs of Time and Pleaſure,
With willing Eyes, and wanton Air,
Inviting every Gazer.

But Love's a Summer Flower which dies
With the firſt Weather's changing,
The Lover like the Swallow flies
From Sun to Sun, ſtill ranging.

Cloe, Let this Example move
Your fooliſh Heart to reaſon;
Youth is the proper time for Love,
And Age is Virtue's ſeaſon.

SONG. By Mr. GRANVILLE.

CLoe, your Pride is all a Cheat,
A fooliſh Artifice to blind,
Some honeſt Glance that ſcorns deceit
Do's ſtill reveal your native Mind.

With Look demure, and forc'd diſdain
You idly act the Saint,
We ſee thro' this diſguiſe as plain
As we diſtinguiſh Paint.

The Pains you take are vainly meant
To hide your amorous Heart,
'Tis like perfuming an ill ſcent,
The ſmell's too ſtrong for Art.

Such fair Ones who would paſs for Chaſt
Are like your Fools who would ſeem wiſe,
Nature through all appears at laſt,
Impatient of a long diſguiſe.

S O N G.

IN vain a Thouſand Slaves have try'd
To overcome *Belinda*'s Pride,
Pity pleading
Love perſwading,
When her Icy Heart is thaw'd
Honour chides, and ſtrait ſhe's aw'd.

Fooliſh Creature,
Follow Nature,
Waſt not thus your Prime;
Youth's a Treaſure,
Love's a Pleaſure,
Both deſtroy'd by Time.

Diſcretion

Diſcretion Surrendred. By Mr. Gr—

NOW fly Diſcretion to my Aid,
See, ſee, *Belinda* Fair, and Bright,
In all the pomp of Love array'd,
Ah! How I tremble at the Sight!
She comes, ſhe comes; before her all
Mankind do's proſtrate fall.

Love, a Deſtroyer, fierce and young,
Adventrous, terrible, and ſtrong,
Cruel, and raſh, delighting ſtill to vex,
Sparing nor Age nor Sex.

Stands in the Front, well fortified he lies,
And from her Lips, her Cheeks, and Eyes,
All Oppoſition he defies.
Reaſon, Love's old inveterate Foe,
Scarce ever reconciled till now,
Reaſon aſſiſts her too.

A wiſe Commander he, for Council fit,
But Nice and Coy, nor has been ſeen to ſit
In modern Synods, nor appear'd of late
In Courts, nor Camps, nor in Affairs of State.
Reaſon proclaims them all his Foes
Who ſuch reſiſtleſs Charms oppoſe.

My very bosom Friends make War
Within my Breast, and in her Int'rest are,
Esteem and Judgment both do joyn
To court and call this Tyrant in,
My darling Favourite, Inclination too,
All, all, are sided with the Foe.
Ah! whither shall I fly to hide
My Weakness from the Conqueror's Pride?
Now, now, Discretion be my Guide.
But see this mighty *Archimedes* too
Is blown up now,
Folly and Madness may persist
It can no longer be Discretion to resist.

To the King, By Mr. Geo. Granville; *Written in the year* 1685, *after the Victory in the West.*

MAY all thy Years, like this, auspicious be,
And give thee Crowns, and Peace, and Victory:
Scarce had'st thou time t'unsheath thy conquering Blade,
It did but glitter, and the Rebels fled,
That Sword, the Safeguard of thy Brother's Throne,
Is now as much the Bulwark of thy own:
Aw'd by thy Fame, from every part they send
Ambassadors to court thee for their Friend:
The

The conſcious Senates that refuſed thy ſway,
Retract their ſpleen, and haſten to obey;
Tribute they raiſe, and Vows and Off'rings bring,
Confeſs their Phrenſie, and confirm their King,
Who with their Venom overſpread thy Soil,
Thoſe Scorpions of the State, now give thee Oyl.
So the World's Saviour, like a Human dreſs'd,
While in a Mortal ſhape, was ſtill oppreſs'd,
Accus'd of evil Doctrine by the Jews,
The giddy Rabble did their Lord refuſe;
But when they ſaw ſuch Wonders in the Skies,
The Temple rent, and Him in Glory riſe,
Terror & Dread ſeiz'd the repenting Crowd,
They knew their Error, and ador'd, and bow'd.

To Mr. Granville *upon the foregoing Verſes.*

By Mr. Waller.

AN early Plant which ſuch a Bloſſom bears,
Thus ripe and pregnant, ſo beyond its Years,
A Judgment which could make ſo fair a Choice,
So high a Subject to employ its Voice;

Still as it grows, how ſweetly will it ſing
The growing Greatneſs of our matchleſs King.

To Mrs. B—. *By Mr.* GRANVILLE.

WHere'er you look, with every glance you kill,
Whene'er you write, you triumph with your Quill.
Diana did the Bow and Quiver bear,
Cybell had Lyons, *Pallas* had the Spear;
Such were the Emblems of thoſe Powers Divine;
Hearts bleeding by the Dart, and Pen, be thine.

To a Lady at her Houſe in the North. *By Mr.* GRANVILLE.

WHat Charm is this, that in the mid'ſt of Snow,
Of Storms and Blaſts the choiceſt Fruits do grow?
Mellons in fragrant Beds are ripen'd here,
The Peach and Orange, yet no Sun is near;
On frozen Ground the ſweeteſt Flowers ariſe,
Unſeen by any Light, but *Mira's* Eyes.

Where'er the Charmer goes, beneath her Feet
The Roſe, the Jaſmin, and the Lillies meet;
Where'er ſhe looks, behold ſome ſudden Birth
Adorns the Trees, and fructifies the Earth,
In mid'ſt of Mountains, and unfruitful ground
As bright an *Eden* as the firſt is found.
In this new Paradice ſhe treads in ſtate,
With Sovereign Pride, diſdainful of a Mate,
As beautiful as *Eve*, but not ſo frail,
Againſt her Virtue all Temptations fail.
Hard lot of Beauty, fatally beſtow'd,
Still given to the Falſe, or to the Proud,
By differing ways, they bring us equal pain,
The Falſe betray us, and the Proud diſdain.
Beneath thoſe Beams that ſcorch us from her Eyes,
Her Icy Boſom ſtill unmelted lies,
From *Ætna* ſo perpetual Fire is toſs'd,
The Hills and Vallies round in Flame are loſt,
Yet ſtill it ſelf preſerves eternal Froſt.

Upon the Counteſs of S—— in Mens Apparel.

WHen *S*—— in her Sexes Garb we ſee
The Queen of Beauty then ſhe ſeems to be,
Now like *Adonis*, in this Male Diſguiſe
She looks, or *Cupid* with his Mother's Eyes.

An ODE.

In Imitation of—*Quid Bellicoſus Cantaber, &c.* Hor. od. 11. Lib. 2.
By Mr. John How.

WHat is't to us who guides the State,
Who's out of Favour, or who Great,
Who are the Miniſters and Spies,
Who votes for Places, or who buys.
The world will ſtill be ruled by Knaves
And Fools contending to be Slaves;
Small Things, my Friend, ſerve to ſupport
Life, troubleſom at beſt, and ſhort:
Our youth runs back, occaſion flies,
Grey Hairs come on, and Pleaſure dies,
Who would the preſent Bleſſings loſe
For Empires which he cannot uſe.
Kind Providence has us ſupply'd
With what to others is deny'd,
Virtue which teaches to condemn
And ſcorn ill Actions and ill Men.
Beneath this Lime-trees fragrant ſhade
On Beds of Flowers ſupinely laid,
Let's then all other Cares remove
And drink and ſing to thoſe we Love,

Here's

Here's to *Neæra*, Heaven design'd
Perfection of the charming kind,
Whose Beauty, Voice, and wondrous Wit
Lays all adoring at her Feet,
Makes Angels envy, Nature vain,
And me delight in hopeless pain.
May she be blest, as she is Fair,
And pity me as I love her;
The rest let's leave to th'unseen Powers,
This Moment and this Glass is ours.

A Pastoral. By Sir Ch. Sidley.

Phillis, Men say that all my Vows
Are to thy Fortune pay'd,
Alas, my Heart he little knows
Who thinks my Love a Trade.
Were I of all these VVoods the Lord,
One Berry from thy Hand
More solid Pleasure would afford
Than all my large Command.

My humble Love has learnt to live
On what the nicest Maid,
Without a conscious Blush, may give
Beneath the Mirtle shade:

Of

Of coſtly Food it has no need
And nothing will devour,
And like the harmleſs Bee can feed
And not impair the Flow'r.

A ſpotleſs Innocence like thine
May ſuch a Flame allow,
Yet thy fair Name for ever ſhine
As do's thy Beauty now;
I heard thee wiſh my Lambs might ſtray
Safe from the Foxes Power,
Tho' every one becomes his Prey
I'm richer than before.

Urania, *a Paſtoral Song, on the Arrival of the Princeſs of* Orange, *now Her Sacred Majeſty.*

Damon regardleſs of his Flocks,
Too apt to go aſtray,
Did to the Ravenous Wolf and Fox,
The tender Lambs betray.

Urania, whoſe early Fame
And Beauty, filled the Plains;
Philander's Heart ſet in a Flame,
And he his Bliſs obtains.

He, in Compaſſion of our State,
From *Belgian* Vales came o'er,
And did redeem us from the Fate,
When he but touch'd our Shore.

But when the fair *Urania* came,
The Joy of all the Plains,
The Vallies eccho'd with that Name,
No farther fear remains.

The joyful Notes to Heaven rebound,
Of Shepherds and their Swains,
With one conſent, *Urania*'s Crown'd
The Queen of all the Plains.

The Shepherdeſs Proclaimed our Head,
We're guarded from all harms;
The reſcued Flocks may ſafely feed,
Protected by her Charms.

A SONG in Dialogue. By Mrs. A. B.

She. *Silvio*, when will you be kind,
Ah, *Silvio*, when will you be kind.
Sil. When Conſtancy in Swains I find,
Ah, when Conſtancy in Swains I find.
She. Ah my *Silvia*, you're too Fair,
E'er to give me cauſe to change,
Ah!

Ah! do not let me then deſpair,
For my Heart's not given to range.
Sil. Men will Sigh, Proteſt, and Weep,
Ah! what a coyle with love you'll keep,
Till our Bluſhes you o'er-come:
Ah! till the bleſſing you have won,
Which, having once obtain'd, you fly:
Or if, by chance, you linger on,
Can ſee us Sigh, can ſee us Dye,
And Triumph when we are undone.
She. Oh! may my Flocks forget to feed,
And Wolves into my Sheepfold break:
May Heaven forget me in my need,
And thou diſdain me when I ſpeak,
If ever I thy Love betray,
Or with falſe Vows thy faith repay.
Sil. Then take my hand, which ne'er to Swain
Was render'd, on the ſcore of Love:
But, oh! I give it you with pain,
For fear you ſhou'd Inconſtant prove.

Another SONG. *By Mrs.* A. B.

MOrpheus, *Morpheus*, God of Sleep,
This Hero from all danger keep,
Let ſoft Dreams around him rove,
Dreams of kind delights in Love.

What-

What-ever toyls purſue the day,
Do thou at Night chaſe all away.
Make ſoft Garlands for his Head,
With Roſes and with Poppies ſpread:
Let ſoft Muſick fill his Ears,
Muſick from the Tuneful Sphears,
While *Cupids* round his Couch ſtill play,
And wanton in the breaking day.

Advice for a Lover.

CLeon, if you wou'd have me true,
Be you my preſident and guide;
Example ſooner we purſue,
Than the dull dictates of our Pride:
Precepts of Vertue are too weak an Aim,
'Tis demonſtration that can beſt reclaim:
Shew me the path you'd have me go,
With ſuch a guide I cannot ſtray:
What you approve, what e'er you do,
It is but juſt I bend that way.
If true, my Honour favours your deſign,
If falſe, Revenge is the reſult of mine.
A Lover true, a Maid ſincere,
Are to be prized as things Divine,
'Tis Juſtice makes the bleſſing dear,
Juſtice of Love without deſign.
And ſhe that reigns not in a Heart alone,
Is never ſafe nor eaſie on her Throne.

On.

On the Modeſty of Aminta.

Aminta, fear not to confeſs,
The charming ſecret of thy tenderneſs;
That which a Lover can't conceal,
That which to me thou ſhould'ſt reveal,
And is but what thy lovely Eyes expreſs.
Come whiſper to my panting Heart,
That heaves and meets thy Voice half way,
That gueſſes what thou woud'ſt Impart,
And languiſhes for what thou haſt to ſay.
Confirm my trembling doubts, and make me know,
Whence all theſe bluſtrings and theſe ſighings flow.
Why doſt thou ſcruple to unfold
A Myſtery that does my Life concern?
If thou ne'er ſpeak'ſt it will be told;
For Lovers all things can diſcern
From every look, from every baſhful grace
That ſtill ſucceed each other in thy Face,
I ſhall the dear tranſporting Secret learn;
But 'tis a pleaſure not be expreſt,
To hear it by thy voice confeſt,
When ſoft Sighs breath it on my Painting

All

All calm and ſilent is the Grove,
Whoſe ſhading Boughs reſiſt the day:
Here thou may'ſt bluſh and talk of Love,
While only Winds unheeding ſtay,
That will not bear the ſound away:
While I with ſolemn awful Joy,
All my attentive Faculties employ,
Liſtning to every vallu'd word,
And in my Soul the ſacred Treaſure hoard,
There, like ſome Myſtery Divine,
The wondrous knowledge I'll enſhrine.
Love can his Joys no longer call his own,
Than the dear Secret's kept unknown.

On a Lover beginning to Love.

AS free as wanton Winds I liv'd,
That unconcern'd do play;
No broken Faith, no Fate I griev'd;
No Fortune gave me Joy.
A dull Content crown'd all my Hours;
My Heart no Sighs oppreſs'd:
I call'd in vain on no deaf Powers
To eaſe a tortur'd Breaſt.

The ſighing Swains regardleſs pin'd
And ſtrove in vain to pleaſe:
With pain I civilly was kind,
But could afford no eaſe:

Tho'

Tho' VVit and Beauty did abound
The Charm was wanting ſtill,
That could inſpire the tender VVound
Or bend my careleſs VVill.

Till in my Heart a kindling Flame
Your ſofter Sighs had blown,
VVhich I, with ſtriving, love, and ſhame
Too ſenſibly did own:
VVhate'er the God before could plead;
Whate'er the Youths deſert;
The feeble Siege in vain was laid
Againſt my ſtubborn Heart.

At firſt my ſighs and bluſhes ſpoke,
Juſt when your Sighs wou'd riſe:
And when you gaz'd I wiſh'd to look,
But durſt not meet your Eyes.
I trembled when my hand you preſt,
Nor cou'd my Guilt controul;
But Love prevail'd, and I confeſt
The Secrets of my Soul.

And when upon the giving part,
My Preſent to avow,
By all the ways conform'd my Heart,
That Honour wou'd allow,

I gave

Too mean was all that I cou'd say,
Too poorly underſtood:
I gave my Soul the nobleſt way
My Letters made it good.

On Jealouſie. By *Mrs.* A. Behn.

OH, Jealouſie! thou Paſſion moſt ingrate!
Tormenting as Deſpair, Envious as Hate,
Spightful as Witchcraft, which the Invoker harms:
Worſe than the Wretch that ſuffers by its Charms,
Thou fubtil Poyſon in the Fancy bred,
Diffus'd through every Vein, the Heart, and Head,
And over all like wild Contagion ſpread,
Thou whoſe ſole Property is to deſtroy,
Thou Oppoſite to good, Antipathy to Joy,
Whoſe Attributes are cruel, rage and fire,
Reaſon debauch'd, falſe Sence, and mad Deſire.

A SONG. By *Mrs.* Behn.

RIſe *Cloris*, Charming Maid, ariſe
And baffle breaking day,
Shew the adoring World thy Eyes
Are more ſurprizing gay;

The Gods of Love are ſmiling round,
And lead the Joyful Bridegroom on,
And *Hymen* has the Alter Crown'd
While all thy ſighing Lovers are undone.

To ſee thee paſs they throng the Plain;
The Groves with Flowers are ſtrown,
And every young engaging Swain
Wiſhes the hour his own:
Riſe then, and let the God of Day,
When thou do'ſt to thy Lover yield,
Behold more Treaſure given away
Than he, in his vaſt Circle, e'er beheld.

VERSES. By Mr. H. W.

A Conſtancy in Love I'll prize,
And be to Beauty true,
And doat on all the lovely Eyes
That are but fair and new.
On *Cloris* Charms to day I'll feed,
To morrow *Dauphine* move,
For bright *Lucinda* next I'll bleed,
And ſtill be true to Love.

But Glory only, and Renown
My ſerious hours ſhall charm;
My nobler Minutes thoſe ſhall crown
My looſer hours my Flame;

All

All the Fatigues of Love I'll hate,
And *Phillis*'s new Charms,
That hopeleſs Fire ſhall diſſipate;
My Heart for *Cloe* warms.

The eaſie Nymph I once enjoy'd
Neglected now ſhall paſs,
Poſſeſſion that has Love deſtroy'd
ſhall make me pittileſs;
In vain ſhe now attracts and mourns,
Her moving Power is gone,
Too late (when once enjoy'd,) ſhe burns,
And yielding is undone.

My Friend, the little charming Boy,
Conforms to my deſires,
And 'tis but to augment my Joy
He pains me with his Fires:
All that's in happy Love I'll taſt,
And rifle all his ſtore,
And for one Joy that will not laſt
He brings a Thouſand more.

A SONG.

WHen Maidens are young, and in their Spring,
Of Pleaſure, of Pleaſure, let 'em take their full ſwing, full ſwing, full ſwing,
And Love, and Dance, and Play and Sing;

For *Silvia*, believe it, when Youth is done,
There's naught but Hum-drum, Hum-drum,
Hum-drum;
There's naught but Hum-drum, Hum-drum,
Hum-drum.

Then *Silvia* be wise, be wise, be wise,
The Painting and Dressing for a while are
Supplies,
And may surprize——.
But when the Fire is going out in your Eyes,
It twinkles, it twinkles, it twinkles, and dies,
And then to hear Love, to hear Love, from
you,
I'd as leave hear an Owl cry, *Witto-Wooo,*
Witto-Wooo, Witto-Wooo.

Advice against Constancy in Love.

LEt Love no more your Heart inspire,
Tho' Beauty every hour you see,
Pass no farther than Desire
If you'll truly happy be;
Every day fresh Objects view,
And for all have Complaisance,
Search all places still for new,
And to all make some Advance:
For where Wit and Youth agree
There's no Life like Gallantry.

Laura's

Laura's Heart you may receive,
And to morrow *Julia*'s priſe.
Take what *Celia* fain would give,
Pity *Lucia* when ſhe dies:
Portia's Face you muſt admire,
And to *Cloe*'s ſhape ſubmit;
Phillis Dancing gives you Fire,
Clelia's Softneſs, *Clara*'s Wit;
Thus all at once you may purſue,
'Tis too little to love two.

The Powerful ſmiling God of Hearts
So much tenderneſs imparts,
You muſt upon his Altars lay
A Thouſand Offerings every Day:
And ſo ſoft is kind Deſire,
Oh! ſo charming is the Fire,
That if nice *Adraſte* ſcorns,
Gentler *Ariadne* burns,
Still another keep in play
(If one refuſe) to give you Joy.

Ceaſe therefore to diſturb your hours,
For having two Deſires,
A Heart can manage two *A*mours,
And burn with ſeveral Fires:
The day has hours enough in ſtore
To viſit two or half a Score.

A SONG.

LOve's a Dream of mighty Treasure,
Which in fancy we possess,
In the Folly lies the Pleasure,
Wisdom ever makes it less;
For who thinks by Passion heated
He a Goddess has in Chase,
Ixion-like he will be cheated
And a gaudy Cloud embrace.

Only happy is the Lover
Whom his Mistress well deceives,
Seeking nothing to discover
He contented lives at Ease:
But the Wretch, who will be knowing
What the Fair One wou'd disguise,
Labours at his own Undoing
Changing Happy to be Wise.

SONG. By Mr. Oosely.

1.

FReedom is a real Treasure,
Love a Dream all false and vain,
Short, uncertain, is the Pleasure,
Sure and lasting is the Pain.

2.

A ſincere, and tender Paſſion,
Some ill Planet over-rules:
Ah! how blind is Inclination,
Fate and Women doat on Fools.

A Letter from Sir G. E. *to the* E. *of* M.

SInce Love and Verſe, as well as Wine,
*A*re briſker where the Sun do's ſhine:
'Tis ſomething to loſe two Degrees,
Now *A*ge it ſelf begins to Freeze.
Yet this I patiently cou'd bear
If the rough Danube's Beauties were,
But only two Degrees leſs fair:
Than the bright Nimphs of gentle *Thames*
Who warm me hither with their Beams;
Such Power they have, they can diſpence,
Five hundred Miles their influence.
But hunger forces Men to eat,
Tho' no Temptation in the Meat;
How would the ogling Sparks deſpiſe,
The darling Damſel of my Eyes,
Shou'd they behold her at a Play
*A*s theſe trick'd upon Holy-day,

Where the whole Family combine
For publick Pride to make her ſhine!
Her Locks, which long before lay matted;
Are on this Day comb'd out, and platted.
A Diamond-Bodkin in each Treſs,
The *Token* of her Nobleneſs,
For every ſtone, as well as ſhe,
Can boaſt an ancient Pedigree:
Theſe form'd the Jewel er'ſt did Grace
The Cap of the firſt Graſs o'th Race.
Preferr'd by Graffier *Marrian*
T' adorn the handle of her Fan.
And as by old Record appears
Worn ſince in *Kemiyunda's* ears,
Now ſparkling in the *Trokins* hair,
No Serpent breaking in the *Air*,
Can with her Starry head compare.
Such ropes of Pearl her *Arms* incumber,
She ſcarce can deal the Cards at *Omber*;
So many Rings, each Finger fright
They tremble with the mighty weight:
The like in *England* ne'er was ſeen
Since *Holbin* drew *Hall* and his Queen:
But after theſe fantaſtick Sights,
And Luſtre brighter than the Lights;
The thing that bears this glittering Pomp,
Is but a *Taudry* ill-bred Rump;
Whoſe brawny Limbs, and martial Face
Proclaim her of the Gothick Race:

More

More than the painted Pageantry,
Of all her Fathers Heraldry;
But there's another ſort of Creatures,
Whoſe ruddy Looks, and groteſque Features,
Are ſo much out of Natures way,
You'd think 'em ſtamp't on other Clay.
No lawful Daughters of Old *Adam*,
'Mongſt theſe behold a City Madam;
With *Arms* in Mittins, hand in Muff,
A dapper Cloak, and reverend Ruff.
No Face ſo pleaſant as this Malking
The prety Jet ſhe has in walking,
And the ſoft ſound of High-Dutch talking.
Here unattended by the Graces,
This Queen of Love in a ſad Caſe is;
Nature her active Miniſter
Neglects *Affairs*, and will not ſtir,
Thinks it not worth the while to pleaſe,
But when ſhe do's it for her eaſe;
Even I, her moſt devout *Adorer*,
With wandring thoughts appear before her,
And when I'm making an Oblation
I'm forc'd to ſpur Imagination,
With ſome ſham *London* Inclination.
Tho' Bow is bent at German Dame,
The *Arrow* flys at Engliſh Game;
Kindneſs that can Indifference warm,
And blow that Calm into a Storm;

That

That in the very tendreſt hour,
Over my Gentleneſs has Power.
True to my Country-womens Charms
When kill'd, and preſs'd in foreign Arms.

Another from Sir G. E. *to the* E. *of* M——*Greeting.*

FRom haunting Whores, and haunting Plays,
And minding nothing elſe all day,
And all the Night too, you will ſay;
To make grave Legs in formal Fetters,
Converſe with Fops, and write dull Letters,
To go to Bed 'twixt Eight and Nine,
And ſleep away my precious time;
In ſuch an Idle ſneaking Place,
Where Vice and Folly hide their Face;
And in a troubleſome diſguiſe,
The Wife ſeems honeſt, the Husband wiſe,
For Pleaſure here has the ſame fate
Which do's attend Affairs of State.
The Plague of Ceremony infects,
Even in Love the ſofter Sex;
Who an Eſſential will neglect,
Rather than loſe the leaſt Reſpect,
With regular approach we Storm,
And never Viſit but in Form;

That

That is, ſending to know before,
At what a Clock they'll play the Whore,
The Nimphs are conſtant, Gallants private,
One ſcarce can gueſs, who 'tis they drive at.
This ſeems to me a ſcurvy Faſhion,
Who have been bred in a free Nation,
With Liberty of Speech and Paſſion.
Yet I cannot forbear to ſpark it,
And make the beſt of a bad Market;
Meeting with one, by chance kind hearted,
Who no Preliminaries ſtarted.
I entred beyond Expectation,
Into a cloſe Negotiation,
Of which hereafter a Relation.
Humble to Fortune, not her Slave,
I ſtill was pleas'd with what ſhe gave;
And with a firm and chearful Mind,
I ſteer my Courſe with e'ry Wind,
To all the Ports ſhe has deſign'd.

Mr. D.——*Anſwer.*

TO you who live in chill Degree,
(As Map informs of Fifty three;
And do not much for Cold attone
By bringing thither Fifty one:

(Methinks

(Methinks) all Climes shou'd be alike,
From *Tropick*, even to Pole Artick;
Since you have such a Constitution,
As cannot suffer Diminution;
You can be old in grave Debate,
And young in Loves Affairs of State,
And both to Wives and Husband show
The vigour of a Plenipo——
Like mighty Missioner you come,
Ad partes infidelium;
A work of wondrous Merit sure,
So far to go, so much endure,
And all to preach to German Dame,
Where sound of *Cupid* never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent,
As far as *Drake*, or *Pinto* went,
For Cloves and Nutmegs to the Line-a,
Or even for Oranges to *China*;
That had indeed been Charity
Where Love-sick Ladies helpless lye
Chop'd, and for want of Liquor dry;
But you have made your Zeal appear,
Within the Circle of the Bear;
What Region of the World so dull,
That is not of your Labours full.
Triptolemus, (so Sing the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his Cart Divine;
But (spight of all those Fable-makers)
He never sow'd on Almaine Acres;

No,

No, that was left by fates Decree,
To be perform'd and ſung by thee,
Thou break'ſt thro' Forms, with as much Eaſe
As the French King thro' Articles;
In grand Affairs thy days are ſpent
In waging weighty Complement,
With ſuch as Monarchs repreſent;
They whom ſuch vaſt Fatigues attend,
Want ſome ſoft minutes to unbend,
To ſhew the World, that now and then
Great Miniſters are mortal Men,
Then Rheniſh Rummers walk the Round,
In Bumpers every King is Crown'd;
Beſides Three holy Miter'd Hectors,
And the whole Colledge of Electors;
No health of Potentate is ſunk,
That pays to make his Envoy Drunk.
Theſe Dutch delights I mention'd laſt
Suit not, I know, your Engliſh Taſt,
For Wine, to leave a Whore, or Play,
Was ne'er your Excellencies way;
Nor need the Title give offence,
For here you were his Excellence;
For Gaming, Writing, Speaking, Keeping,
His Excellence for all but ſleeping.
Now if you tope in Form, and Treat,
'Tis the ſour Sawce, to the ſweet Meat,
The Fine you pay for being Great.

Nay,

Nay, there's a harder Impoſition,
Which is (indeed) the Court Petition,
That ſetting Worldly Pomp aſide,
(Which Poet has at Font defi'd.)
You wou'd be pleas'd in humble way,
To write a trifle call'd a Play:
This truly is, a Degradation,
But wou'd oblige the Crown and Nation,
Next to your Wiſe Negotiation:
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high Degree, your Friends will ſay,
The Duke *St. Aignan* made a Play;
If Gallick Peer affect you ſcarce,
His Grace of B. — has made a Farce,
And you whoſe comick Wit is Terſeal,
Can hardly fall below Rehearſal.
Then finiſh what you once began,
But ſcribble faſter if you can;
For yet no George, to our diſcerning,
E'er Writ without a Ten years warning:

FINIS.